THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

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A DESPERATE RACE.

A Story of the early settlement of Ohio.

[The following is one of "Falconbridge's" happiest efforts. It hits off to the life the extravagant stories of Western adventure told by the "Long-bows," who visit our Western borders:]

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party, that met in the principle hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blythe and gay, when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the charms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swarth in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man more generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley whose narrative of suffering and adventures are pretty generally known over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that had ever seen his book. I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well know gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr.———, is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of the joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr.———, was a slow believer in other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his very truthful, though really marvellous adventures. Mr.— —, coolly remarked, that the Captain's story was all very well, but it did not compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time" on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

Let's have it! Let's have it!" resounded all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action, and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvelous or fictitious matters, and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim to be the truth, an—"

"Oh! never mind that, go on Mr. —," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel, and block of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr.———, a tailor who by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, &c.

"Occasionally, I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red-skins were lurking about and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses, I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catched napping.

"Well, I started off one morning; pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again.—By and by, I sees a buck just ahead of me, and walking very leisurely down to the river, I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the dring, I drew a *bead* upon his top knot; and over he tumled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wisn—"

"Well, but what had that to do with an *edventure*!" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by Jove, it had a good deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of a brush under a moccasin up the bottom. My dog heard it and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloding my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me, with his tail down, as he was not used to doing, unless there were wolves, panthers, or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank, made it tedious traveling there, so I scrabbled up to the upper bank. One peep below discovered to me three as big and stampping rascals, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old Woodsman setting at the table, "you took a tree, of course?"

"Did I? No by—, gentlemen! I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of the red-skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my fellow gain on me, and when he got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, as dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you scalped him immediately," said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins shouting and hooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran till my wind began to grow pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came; one about two hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again, until the foremost injun got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was drawing a bead on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one."

"So you laid for him, and—" gasped several.

"No continued the 'member' I didn't lay for him; I hadn't time to load, so I layed legs to ground and started again—I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran, till the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dogs tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long.

"Phe-e e ew!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, by—, gentlemen, well, what I was to do I didn't know—rifle empty, no big tree about, and a murdering red Indian about three hundred yards in my rear; and what was worse, just then occurred to me that I was not a great way from a big creek now called Mill Creek, and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me.

Before I could scrabble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder, but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by the fall! I heard the red skin close behind me comin g booming on, and every moment expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood eh? The shot the varment gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all troubled what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the 'member' noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?

"Oh certainly not? Go on, Mr.——," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out about five hundred yards in the rear. By—! thinks I, here goes to load, and how. So at it I want,—in went the powder, and putting on the patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the highest notch in the 'members' story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came*! I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to give the red skin a blast anyhow as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps, and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came; knowing that I had broke my ramrod, and my load not down; another whoop, whoop, and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed *him*?" chuckled Riley.

"No, *sir!* I missed fire, by—

"And the red skin," shouted the old woodsman in a frenzy of excitement.

"*Fired and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought Landlord Noble, servants and hostlers running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!—*Great West.*

THE LIFE OF WEBSTER.

A SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, IN BOSTON,

By Rev. Theodore Parker,

ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCT 31, 1852.

[Reported for *The Boston Commonwealth.*]

(CONCLUDED.)

To gain his point, alas, he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality, and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so, but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God's unchanging law. No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar! There is no higher law, quoth he; and how much the pulpit, the press, the forum and the bar, denies its God. Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '52. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's conscience died of the murrain of beasts which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good, and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to the useful for to-day? If he scorned the law of God, how could he bless the world of men? "'Twas by this fault he fell."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that before his fatal speech he had assurance from the North and South that if he supported slavery it would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than all the South! He sinned against his own conscience and so he fell!

He made him wings of slavery to fly to lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, the great Webster lies!

"To this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stoop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause,
Where the delightful taste of just applause?

"O, lost alike to action and repose,
Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the days of life in shame!"

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

"To dash corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

Had he been faithful to his own words so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How differently would have been the aspect of the North and the South, and the principles of the pulpit, the forum and the court! Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame! Then had he lived and labored for Freedom as for Slavery—nay, with half the diligence and half the mighty power, to-morrow all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honor from a people's heart. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson and Washington, and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South he would not thus have left him in age "naked to his enemies!"

But he did not fall at once. No man ever does. Little by little he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she tied him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that deceived him; but oft he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the kidnappers took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington and bound him with fetters of brass.

And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, "Our God, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy—the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us." Part of the blame belongs to the New-England church, which calls men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whitened sepulchre. The churches of New-England were waiting to proclaim slavery and renounce the law of God. His is not all the blame. No, it is not the greatest part. He suffers for the iniquity of us all.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him, too oft, to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7 first came here. She should have hung her flag at half mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-three men that thanked him for the speech, which touched their "conscience" and pointed out the path of "duty!" 'Twas she that ruined him.

What a sad life was his! At Portsmouth his house burned down, all uninsured. His wife died—a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb—a daughter, too, but recently laid low!—How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum. For years to me he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate, and latterly, the saddest sight in all this Western world—widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed man. He blasted us with scornful lightning; him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston—the procession, last summer. You remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with their mockery of applause! You remember when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of saving the Union; of the compromise measures, not a word; but for his own great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said: "Here in Boston I am not disowned—at least here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster! you were not disowned in Boston So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. It was by our sin, by Boston's sin, that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them too. But I pity him more; oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not pity the oppressed in his sin?

Look, there! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more." Listen to the last words of the Crucified, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall,—it was last June—the sick old man—it was Faneuil Hall open; once it had been shut—you remember the feeble look and the sad face. I felt then that it was his last time, and forebore to look upon that saddened countenance. The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He staid an hour and head Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave bill was not good religion, nor good morality, nor good law.

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home—to die! To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. His friends were about him; his dear ones—his wife, his son, (the last of six children he had loved.) Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two colored servants of his were there—men that he had bought out of Slavery, and had blessed with freedom and life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill, and when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna that fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and the shepherd David gathered it up and kept it in a psalm:

"The Lord is my Shepherd. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want—thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That great heart had never renounced God. Oh, no! It had scoffed at His "higher law," but in the heart of hearts, there was religion still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, the mortal Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God!—Men mourn for him; he needs it not. He needs not pity. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost! Oh, no, "I still live," is truer than the sick man knew:

"He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect virtues of all judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honor shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fate, and that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstance and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what his sin, God knows what also is resisted, and he alone knows who the sinner is. The dear old mother of us all! Oh, let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must in deed be worshipped, and a higher law of God which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray:

"Sweet Mercy! To the gates of Heaven,
This statesman lead, his sins forgiven,
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor;
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced forever!

"But why to him confine the prayer,
While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
On the frail heart, the purest share
With all that life?
The best of what we do and are—
Great God! forgive!"

From the Scientific American.

THE HAIR.

Since the custom of wearing long hair and beards has been adopted by so many of our people, during the past two years, and since the Seer Davis has had revelations on the subject from the Spirit World, it may not be uninteresting to take a look backwards to other days. Among the early christians the custom of wearing long hair among men was denunced, and yet, strange to say, the Roman painters, in all the pictures of the Savour, depict him with long waving ringlets. In very ancient times long hair was a mark of beauty among men, as we read, in the case of Absalom, the son of Isaser's Shepherd King. Among the Greeks and Romans the dandies wore long hair, and this trait distinguished the patrician Cohort of Pompey the Great, which was routed so terribly by the short haired veterans of Cæsar at the battle or Pharsalia. All the nations in a savage state—the men—wear long hair. The hair was part of the covering of the ancient Irish, at least this is recorded by the old chroniclers. It was esteemed a peculiar honor among the ancient Gauls to have long hair. Julius Cæser, after subduing them, made them cut off their hair as a token of submission. The keepers of our State Prisons do the same now to their prisoners; they like to follow in the footsteps of great predecessors. In France it was long a peculiar mark and privilege of kings and princes of the blood to wear long hair artfully dressed. All others were obliged to cut their hair in accordance with their rank and condition. In 1096, the Christian Church passed an edict importing that such as wore long hair be excluded from coming into the church while living, and not be prayed for when dead.

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was common for the ladies to wear false ringlets of various colors, a mixture of fair, brown, and black. This was certainly a curious custom. In the reign of Charles II., all the dandies wore wigs powdered, and for a long time afterwards, both old and young, men and women, powdered their hair with fine flour. This custom was in vogue during the American Revolution. It was an abominable one certainly. In England all who wore powdered hair had to pay a tax (it may still exist,) to government. The ridiculous custom of the English chancellor wearing a wig while on the wool-sack, is a relic of the old times. An engraving of Sir Edward Sugden, the new Lord Chancellor of England, appeared in a late number of the London Illustrated News; he had on his robes of office and his ponderous ugly wig. All the portraits of the leading characters in the Augustan Age of English literature would lead us to believe that such men as Addison, Newton, &c., were perfect Absaloms.

The monarchists, named Cavaliers, in the reign of Charles I., wore long hair; the Puritans wore short hair and were called whigs. During the time of the United-men in Ireland, the revolutionists wore their hair short; and were named "Croppies." The cut of the hair also distinguished the band of young Parisian Frenchmen who had vowed hostility to Robespierre. At the present day the cut of the hair is followed by every man after his own fashion. It neither indicates rank nor religion, but it oftentimes proclaims the peculiar temperament of the man.

The most difficult question connected with the hair is the different color in different people. The Africans, Hindoos, Chinese, and American Indians are, in respect to their hair, all black. Some are lank, some curled, and some of frizzly quality. Among the nations of Europe there is every variety of color, although some nations are more distinctly uniform than others. What are termed the "Celtic, Scandanovian, and German races," have every variety of color, such as fair red, and black, but at the present day none of these races are to be found pure, except it may be in a few small spots, such as in Finland, Saxony, and the Highlands of Scotland, and yet in those places, we believe there are mixtures.—Among the Anglo-Saxon race there is every variety of color, but the Anglo Saxon race is not a type, but a mixture of the Angles (Scandanavian-), Saxons, Celts, and Romans, and yet of the Celts there are various district tribes. It is generally supposed that the fair and red races are Finnic and Saxon. The Danes were esteemed the red race in olden times, but the custom among some races in the East to color their hair red, at the present day, is an evidence that they are descended from the Finnic race which at one time conquered Egypt, and whose likenesses are portrayed in the old tombs. It is not possible to classify the European nations by the color of the hair, for they are all a hotch-potch of mixtures, although there are great varieties of language among them.

The wooly heads belong exclusively to Africa, but Smith says, in his work on the Human Races, that there is also a wooly head race in the East Indies.

No person can account for the differences in the hair of different nations; we know that such and such races have such head marks, and we know also, that they are distinct and characteristic, for a mixture of races is sure to produce a corresponding change in the hair.

We presume to state that as no man has the choice of his own hair, when born, he must take it as it happens to come, and make the best of it, according to circumstances, to suit his fancy, if he can, and if he cannot, to bear it like a philosopher.

In answer to a question from the Earl of Clarincade, Lord Derby stated in the House of Lords that the object of calling the Parliament together before Christmas has to close forever the controversy of protection and free trade. And De Israeli said, in the House, that the Ministers had violated no pledge by retaining office, for they never intended to repeal any measures of free trade.

FRANK PIERCE'S COAT-OF ARMS.—The Boston Chronicle states that the commitee having in charge the building of a carriage for General Pierce wrote to him to ascertain what was his family coat-of-arms, probably with a view of painting it on the panels of the coach. The General replied that the only coat of arms which he knew his family ever possessed was that of his father's shirt sleeves, in which he fought at the Bunker Hill. The carriage is building at Pittsfield, Mass., and will cost fifteen hundred dollars.